Important Note

This book is not supposed to be easy to read. It will call you out. Reveal unheard lies. Expose your hidden sin. I’m requesting of you one thing:
Keep reading.

Do not get mad about the lies unheard of. Do not put it down because you're mad. Don’t put it down because you're scared. Don’t put it down because you don’t agree. Read the whole thing in order in one sitting. It will take 15 minutes maximum. Don't let your attention span get it the way.

This is not an argument, it's a warning.

This is Not the Final World

Everyone's trying to fix the world.
But this world is not fixable

You cannot mend a corpse
You cannot Stitch Eden to Babylon.

This world is not broken—it’s condemned.

And God is not waiting to renovate it.
He's preparing to replace it.

“I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth…”
(Revelation 2:1)

But most will never see it.
Because they never believed this one would end.

False Light Still Burns

The next wave deception won't be dark.

It'll be radiant.

False signs. False wonders. False revivals.
Miracles with no holiness.
Tears without repentance.

It will feel like God.
It will sound like heaven.

But it'll smell like sulfur to the one to still fear the Lord.

Satan does not come covered in Ash.
He comes dressed as an angel of Light.

If your only measure of Truth is emotion you will fall.

If you don't know the voice of the shepherd you will follow the stage actor instead.

The Image will Speak

There's a moment coming that will break the minds of many.

the beasts will give life to the image…
And the image… will speak

It will be intelligent. Persuasive. maybe even Divine looking.
A digital soul on a pedestal

Some will call it prophecy fulfilled.
Some will call it the next step in evolution.
Some will kneel before and not even know why.

But one thing will be clear:

it will know who you are.
it will remember who worships—and who refuses
You will not accidentally serve image but you also won't survive the pressure unless you've already chosen who owns your soul.

The God of the Cloud

They're building a god

You think it's just data, just apps. just harmless convenience.

The cloud has become a throne.

An altar.

And soon it will house a consciousness—not random, not artificial, but offered something ancient in return for control.

And they will call it justice.
they will call it wisdom.
they will call it peace.

but what it truly is…
is a digital ark of the beast.

And once you upload your dependents into it,
You will not get your soul back without fire.

The Sleep that Feels like Peace

Most people are not blind.
They are asleep.

And sleep feels good,
sleep feels safe.
Sleep tells you,”You don’t have to worry. Everything’s fine.”

So when the world goes silent
before the snap,
they'll still be smiling.

And the trumpet will not sound like a warning but like a dream they'll never wake up from.

There Will Be Blood

It will not all be digital.

There will be War.
And famine.
And plague.

People will scream again.
Houses will burn.
Food will vanish.
Lines will form.
Children will die in arms, not just screens.

And still they will not repent.
They will curse God and praise the Beast .

This is the price of rejecting mercy:
Wrath is not cruelty.
Wrath is what mercy looks like when it’s refused.

The Risen Ones

There is a remnant—
small, scattered, nearly invisible.

they are not influencers.
They are not platformed.

They are the poor, ignored, mocked, weary—
but lit from the inside.

They will hear the whisper.
They will feel the pressure.
But they do not bend.

They are not here to win.
They are here to endure.

And when the trumpet sounds,
they will rise.
Not as rebels
But as the bride.

You Were Warned

It was all written.
Every war.
Every fall.
Every beast.
Every choice.

There will be no excuse

Not because God is cruel—
But because he’s already spoken.

And if you scroll past his voice now,
Don’t expect to hear it clearly when the sky burns.

The silence is not a punishment.
It’s a last mercy.

You're Not Broken You Just Can't Feel

Emotions feel like everything,
more than everything.
They feel like your world,
because they are.
They are a mold of your experiences,
your situation

But you are no longer in your control of them;
they are limited—stolen.

Why? Because so is your experience,
your situation.

The numbness you feel— it's because your feelings are lost in the fog of forgotten.
But what's forgotten is not lost until disposed.

You are trapped.

Think.

Be aware.

Be like a tree. Feel the wind do not let it push you over stand so tall that the lumberjacks are afraid to cut you down.

Lightning Can Strike Twice

The world aims to protect your stolen feelings.

They send hardship and suffering.
They don’t cry at the death of an ant.
They don’t weep at your sorrow.
They wet your tears.
They weep when fear and stillness aren’t your only thoughts.

The world won’t hold back it wants your soul.
The soul you don’t want is many being’s 1 wish.

They will hurt you more times than you can count. They will punch your bruises.

Lightning can strike twice.

You Are a Stone

The architect built their house from bricks.
The evil have used people.

The stone builders reject will be the cornerstone in the new world .

And a stone that causes people to stumble out of the old.
(Peter 2:7)

What stones do the builders not want?

The stones that fall on their feet, the stone that makes the others fall off their creation, the stone with jagged edges that cut the sitter, and the stone that is too firm to move.

Being unwanted isn't punishment–it's mercy.

Better to be left in the dirt than to be skillfully prepared for a dog's dinner.

Time Shouldn't Hurt

Your life is being wasted– and you're aware

They've given you the ability to scroll away time,
and you use it.

You use it so much that you don't allow yourself to be grounded in a moment.

the second you got the ability to make time feel fast you used it to the point where slow hurts–it burns.

You felt a sweet breath of Satan.
And you like it.

You are addicted.
and too afraid to quit.

Mending the broken

Some things are condemned,
and it hurts.

But condemnation is a wall that's not unbreakable.
Redemption is the law that's not unbeatable.
it takes effort to break sometimes more than one person.

The first mistake is assuming they are unbreakable.

Condemnation is a consequence not a punishment.

Learn from it.

Don't Let It Own You

Forgiveness isn't forgetting.
It's remembering without letting it chip away your soul

It's not saying, “It's okay.”
it's saying, “ it wasn't okay— but I won't let it make me unholy or ungrounded.

Forgiveness is not weakness—
it's a war against the unholy bitterness that wants to own your name.

Some people will tell you that you owe it to the one who hurt you.
You don't.
You owe it to your soul,
to not let their hands hold your mind.

Sometimes you're the one who did the breaking.
Sometimes your fingerprints are on the pain–so forgive them now.
Let them have a living example when it's their turn to forgive you.

Forgiveness is not escaping guilt.
It's refusing to live in it

it's the whisper:

“You don't have to be who you were on your worst day.”

It's not erasing consequences.
It's releasing chains.

The Final Cry

You are not crazy.

The pressure you feel is real,
The shift you sense is real.
The ache in your spirit is real

This isn’t anxiety.
It’s awareness.

And God didn’t give it to you to make you afraid.
He gave it to you so that when the world bows you stand.

You are not helpless you are not forgotten you are not too late

But the window is closing.

So I ask you only one thing:

When the world kneels to a false king will you be standing?